breake the pate on thee, I am a very villaine, come & be hanged, haſt no faith in thee?

Enter Gadſhill.

Gadſhill. Good morrow Carriers, what's a clocke?

Car. I thi_ e it be two a clocke.

Gad. I prethe lend me thy lanterne, to ſee my gelding in the ſtable.

1 *Car.* Nay by God ſoft, I know a tricke worth two of that I faith.

Gad. I pray thee lend me thine.

2 *Car.* I, when, canſt tell? lend me thy lanterne (quoth he) marry ile ſee thee hangd firſt.

Gad. Sirra Carrier, what time doe you meane to come to London?

2 *Car.* Time enough to goe to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. Come neighbour Mugs, wee'le call vp the Gentlemen, they will along with company, for they haue great charge.

Enter Chamberlaine. *Exeunt.*

Gad. What ho: Chamberlaine.

Cham. At hand quoth picke-purſe.

Gad. That's eue as faire, as at hand quoth the Chamberlaine: for thou varieſt no more from picking of purſes, then giuing direction, doth from labouring: thou layeſt the plot how.

Cham. Good morrow maſter Gadſhill, it holds currant that I told you yeſter night, ther's a Franckelin in the wild of Kent, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold, I heard him tell it to one of his company laſt night at ſupper, a kind of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too, God knowes what, they are vp already, and call for egges and butter, they will away preſently.

Gad. Sirra, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas clarks, ile giue thee this necke.

Cham. No, ile none of it, I pray thee keepe that for the hangman, for I know thou worſhippeſt Saint Nicholas, as truely as a man of falſhood may.

Ga. What talkeſt thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, ile make a fat paire of gallowes: for if I hang, old ſir Iohn hangs with me, & thou knoweſt he is no ſtarueling: tut, there are other

Troians

Troians that thou dre
content to do the pro
ſhould be lookt into) f
I am ioyned with no f
ſtrikers, none of theſe
but with nobilitie, a
Oneyers, ſuch as can l
and ſpeak ſooner then
yet (zoundes) I lie, fo
Common-wealth, or r
they ride vp and down

Cham. What, the
hold out water in foul

Gad. She will, ſhe w
in a Caſtle cockſure: w
walke inuiſible.

Cham. Nay, by my f
the night then to Fern

Gad. Giue me thy h
chaſe, as I am a true ma

Cham. Nay, rathe

Gad. Go to, *homo* is a
bring my gelding out o

Enter Pr

Poin. Come ſhelter,
and he frets like a gun

Prince. Stand cloſe.

Falſ. Poynes, Poyn

Prince. Peace ye fat
thou keepe?

Falſ. What Poyne

Prin. He is walkt vp

Falſ. I am accurſt to
hath remooued my hor
trauell but foure foote
my winde. Well, I d
this, if I ſcape hanging
his company hourely a